

## Photo Captioning Essay

Every time I see this picture I make it into more than it really is. For some reason I feel as though I look professional. Maybe because it's black and white. Maybe it's just because I have a guitar in my hand and a microphone in front of me. I could never really put my finger on just what it was about this picture that makes me feel as though when I play, it means something.



This picture belongs on a poster advertising a show that my father and I are playing. Underneath my face in big red letters it says “MELISSA ROUSH guitar and vocals.” I almost find it a bit amusing. My dad tends to get a little too excited about these things, making posters and whatnot. And since this is our first official “show” together, he’s going pretty over the top. When he had the posters printed out and all ready, he ran up to me like a little kid, shoving eight of them in my face—all different sizes and colors—asking, “Don’t you want to hang them up in your dorm room at school?” I have all eight of them. None are hanging up in my dorm room.

Even so, I love him for his enthusiasm about me playing a show with him. Music is something that my dad and I can share—we don’t have much else in common. I’ve accompanied him many times at open mics or full shows that he has played at. He was the one who inspired me to initially pick up a guitar. He then furthered my playing skills

by teaching me everything I know. Every time I go home for a visit, we inevitably end up talking about that new C.D of so-and-so's, or that gig he played last Monday, or whether or not I've gotten up enough guts to play an open mic up at school. And I think that his excitement about me playing is why this picture makes me feel the way I do. Important. Unique. I realize a lot of people play guitar a lot better than me. There are many who shine brighter on stage than I do. But I don't care about the talent aspect. I enjoy playing at little coffee shops where the only people who show up are my dad's friends whom he recruited himself—older people who talk to you for 45 minutes about how “wonderful” you were after only singing one song.

It's a lot more than black and white, or a guitar, or a microphone. In essence, it's my relationship with my father and the building blocks of my musical background. It is him and I doing the only thing we know how to enjoy doing *together*. He has inspired me, stood by me, and taught me. I've learned so much about music just by watching him and listening to his stories. Singing and playing is his love that I have only inherited, and am now getting the pleasure to share with him.